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H E A L T H,

James A *Barlow*

P O E M.

His SHEWING *Book 17. 64*

How to PROCURE, PRESERVE,
and RESTORE it.

To which is annex'd

T H E

Doctor's D E C A D E.

By EDWARD BAYNARD, M. D.

The Fourth Edition, Corrected.

L O N D O N:

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T H E
P R E F A C E.



I was a usual Saying of the great Lord Verulam, That not one Man of a Thousand died a natural Death; and that most Diseases had their Rise and Origin from Intemperance. Therefore,

Unerring Nature learn to follow close,
For *quantum sufficit* is her just Dose;
Sufficient, clogs no Wheels and tires no Horse,
Yet briskly drives the Blood around the Course;
And hourly adds unto its Wastes, Supplies,
In due Proportion to what's spent and dies;
Whilst *surfeiting* corrupts the purple Gore,
And bankrupts Nature of her long-liv'd Store:
And thus the *Soul* is from the *Body* tore
Before its Time. —————

Which,

Which, by a *temperate* Life, in a clean Cell,
Might full a hundred Years with comfort dwell,
And drop, when *ripe*, as Nuts do slip the *Shell*. }

Trust not to *Constitution*, 'twill decay,
And twisted *Strength*, its Fibres wear away;
As close-wove *Garments* of a strong-spun Thread
The *Woof* frets out and tears away the *Web*:
So *Soul* and *Body* tho' ne'er so well conjoin'd, }
The longer that they wear the more they grind,
Then the crackt *Organ* must impair the Mind.
All finite Things tend to their own undoing,
But Man alone's industrious to his Ruin;
For what with *Riot*, *Delicates*, and *Wine*,
Turns *Pioneer*, himself to undermine.
Besides the hidden *Snares* laid in our way,
The sudden *Deaths* we hear of every Day,
The smoothest Paths have unseen *Ambuscades*,
And *Insecurity*, *Security* invades;
For no Man knows what's the next Hour's *Event*,
Man *lives* as he does *die*, by Accident.
How soft is *Flesh*, how brittle is a *Bone*! }
Time eats up *Steel*, and Monuments of *Stone*,
And from his *Teeth* art thou exempt alone?
What Warrant hast thou that thy Body's *proof*
Against the Anguish of an aching Tooth?
How soon's a *Fever* rous'd by acute Pains?
The smallest *Ails* have all their Partizans;

And

And in intestine Wars they may divide,
 And *Life's* Deserters list on the wrong side.
 Diseases, like true Blood-hounds, seize their Dam,
 And prey upon the *Carkass* whence they sprang.
 Be always on thy Guard, watchful and wise,
 Lest *Death* should take thee napping by *Surprize*.

Drunkenness and Gluttony steal Men off silently and singulatum, whereas Sword and Pestilence do it by the Lump; but then Death makes a Halt, and comes to a Cessation of Arms, but the other knows no Stop nor Intermission, but perpetually jogs on and depopulates insensibly and by Degrees; and though this is every Day experienced, yet Men are so enslaved by Custom and a long Habit, that no Admonition will avail: so true is that Saying, That he that goes to the Tavern at first for the Love of the Company, will at last go thither for the Love of Liquor: and therefore 'twas excellent Advice our ingenious Author gave his Godson:

Pass by a *Tavern-Door*, my Son,
This sacred *Truth* write on thy Heart;
'Tis easier, Company to shun,
Than at a *Pint* it is to part.

For one *Pint* draws another in,
And that *Pint* lights a *Pipe*;
And thus in the *Morn* they tap the *Day*,
And drink it out e'er *Night*:

Not dreaming of a sudden Bounce,
From *Vinous Sulphurs* stor'd within;
Which blows the *Drunkard* up at once,
When the Fire takes *Life's* Magazin.

An *Apoplexy* kills as sure
As Cannon Ball, and oft as soon;
And will no more yield to a Cure,
Than murd'ring Chain-shot from a Gun.

Why should Men dread a *Cannon* Bore,
Yet boldly 'proach a *Pottle Pot*?
That may fall short, shoot wide, or o'er,
But *Drinking* is the surer *Shot*.

How many *Fools* about this Town,
Do quaff and laugh away their *Time*?
And nightly knock each other down,
With *Claret Clubs*, of NO-GRAPE Wine!

Until

Until a Dart from *Bacchus*' Quiver,
 As *Solomon* describeth right,
 Does shoot his *Tartar* thro' the *Liver*,
 Then (*Bonus Nofcius*) So T good Night.

Good *Wine* will kill as well as *bad*,
 When drank beyond (our Nature's) Bounds;
 Then *Wine* gives *Life* a mortal *Stab*,
 And leaves her *weltring* in her Wounds.

Wounds! That no Physick Art can *heal*,
 And very rarely that they feel
 The *Stroke*, the Moment it does kill.

*Many a Soul with great Difficulty lugs
 on a weak and worn out Carcass to its
 daily Rendezvous, who perhaps for ma-
 ny Years has been nothing else but the
 Vintner's Conveniencer to carry his Li-
 quors between the Hogthead and the Piss-
 Pot.*

But when alas! Men come to die
 Of Dropsy, Jaundice, Stone and Gout,
 When the *black* Reckoning draws nigh,
 And Life (before the Bottle)'s out:

When (low drawn) Time's upon the *Tilt*,
Few Sands and Minutes left to run;
And all our (past gone) *Years* are spilt,
And the great *Work* is left undone.

When restless Conscience knocks within,
And in *Despair* begins to bawl,
Death, like a Drawer, then steps in,
And asketh, *Gentlemen!* d'ye call?

I wish that *Men* would timely think
On this great Truth in their full *Bowls*,
Both *I* and *Will* of *Ludgate-Hill*,
And all our Friends round *Paul's*.

When a Man's Distempers stare him in the Face, and he is summon'd to lay down his Dust, he, alas! then sees the Folly of his Ways, and what a miserable Purchase he has made with his mispent Time, Health and Money; and like a Malefactor at the Gallows, makes some short Speech of Warning to his Companions, who give him the Hearing, and perhaps are drunk with his own Claret at his Funeral.

But, alas! the Destruction of himself is the least Part of the Tragedy, the Mischief is struck

struck deeper, and entails hereditary Diseases on his innocent Posterity, to the eternal Infamy of his Name and Family; when the poor Off-spring of his wretched Carcass inherits nothing but the Schedule of his Distempers, and dwindles away a miserable Life, in Pills, Plaisters, and Potions. I wish that Men may think of this, and prize and preserve a good Constitution and Stock of Health before it be too late.

I cannot better close this Epistle, than as the same Author observes the old Romans to have done, to their Friends.

*Cura ut Valeas: For Health once gone,
 All Comforts perish with it, and are none;
 Riches, and Honour, Musick, Wine, and Wit,
 Wax flat and tasteless with the Loss of it.
 Could Youth but see with gouty old Mens Eyes,
 One Stretch upon their Back would make 'em wise;
 And Drunkenness (the damn'd first Cause) despise.
 But such is giddy Youth's unhappy Fate,
 When crippl'd and nail'd down, are wise too late.*

Unhappy Man! that drinks his own undoing,
As tho' his Business were, to pledge his Ruin.
And that brave *Texture* his sound Parents knit,
With *Pipe* and *Pot* he does unravel it.
As if the Gods in Anger gave him Wealth,
To sacrifice to *Bacchus*, Youth and Health.
Health of all earthly Blessings 'tis the best,
Which most is *valu'd* when 'tis least *possest*,





An
E S S A Y
TO A
RULE of HEALTH.

The Definition.

H E A L T H is a free, easy, and perfect
Enjoyment of all the Faculties of *Mind*
and *Body* to due Performance of the *Animal*
Functions, without any Impediment, Pain or
Molestation:

Which is thus to be attain'd.

I F twice Man's Age you would fulfil,
Let *Reason* guide you, not your *Will*:

Let

Let all the Passions of the *Soul*
 Be subject unto her Controul;
 She checks all Rashness, and gives time
 To think, and re-think each Design:
 Those that do thus, before they act,
 'Tis rarely seen, repent the Fact:
 This makes an easy, quiet *Mind*,
 (The greatest Blessing of Mankind;)
 And he that in this Bliss do's share,
 Enjoys a Ray of *Heaven* here.

Fly all Excess, and first take Care
 Of *Wine* and *Women* to beware.
 Sport, dally, and tattle with 'em rarely,
 And marry not a *Wife* too early;

Stay till you're grown, and Joints are knit,

And you have *Money* got and *Wit*:

For he that *weds* before he's wise,

Is shackled by a Fool's Advice:

Alas! then he may see his Fate,

And feel it too, when 'tis too late.

In single Life live pure and chaste,

Left from your Face your *N O S E* you cast.

And is it not a great Disgrace,

To lose the *Boltsprit* of your Face?

Tho' Tears and Pray'rs may atone for th' Sin,

Yet Howlings bring no *N O S E* again:

So never touch forbidden Fruit,

But think on *N O S E*, when tempted to't.

Till *Hunger* pinches, never eat,
 And then, on plain, not spiced Meat.
 Desist before you eat your fill,
 Drink to dilute, but not to swill,
 So no Ructations you will feel.

Let *Supper* little be and light;
 But none makes always the best Night;
 It gives sweet Sleep without a Dream,
 Leaves Morning's Mouth sweet, moist, and clean.

A little *Breakfast* you may eat,
 But not so as to satiate:
 But *Dinner* then you must postpone,
 Till Farther in the Afternoon;

For never load fresh Food upon
 Your Stomach, till the former's gone;
 For whatsoe'er is swallow'd thus,
 Turns *putrid* and *cadaverous*:
 And taking more than *Nature* needs,
 Of most Distempers are the Seeds.

Accustom early in your Youth
 To lay Embargo on your *Mouth*;
 And let no Rarities invite,
 To pall and glut your Appetite:
 But check it always, and give o'er
 With a Desire of eating more.
 For where one dies by *Inanition*,
 A thousand perish by *Repletion*.

To miss a *Meal*, sometimes is good,
It ventilates and cools the Blood,
Gives *Nature* time to clean her Streets
From Filth and Crudities of Meats.
For too much Meat the Bowels furr,
And Fasting's *Nature's* Scavenger.

When as your Stomach nauseates,
And kecks at Smell or Sight of Meats,
By Vomit fetch away the Load
Of Phlegm and undigested Food;
And do it soon, before it dwells
So as to tinge its Tunicles;
And breed sow'r Ferment, which begets
Unfavoury Belches, and sick Fits,

A

And Steams, which taint the Mouth and Gums,

With foetid Smells, like ulcer'd Lungs:

And after *Vomits*, always use

Emollients soft, to cool and smooth ;

For Retching makes the Stomach sore,

Which Lenitives will best restore.

Bleed only when you find the *Blood*

Abound, or stagnate, then 'tis good ;

Which you may very eas'ly guess,

By heavy stiff Unwieldiness.

Short *Breath*, high *Pulse*, & *cætera*,

Then quickly take some Blood away :

But more especially in Stitches,

Pleuritic Pains, and pungent Twitches ;

Then out of Hand without Delay

Take a good Quantity away.

For *Purging* I shall give no Rule,

But after Glutt'ny and cramming full,

'Tis good to empy, and to cool;

Tho' forc'd *Evacuations* are,

Such as we ought to use with Care,

Since 'tis not known, what we can spare:

* For *Physick* drives off with the Blood,

Some Parts of the substantial Good,

And if you'd keep the *Balance* even,

Dame *Nature* must be led, not driven;

* Neque impune posse administrari, cùm omnia præter naturam sint, ob idque naturales facultates infestent; nec possint adeo morbosas causas rescindere, quin una illis, aliquid etiam benignæ substantiæ rapiant. *Galen lib. de sectis prope finem.*

By Methods mild, and by Degrees,

We should relieve her Grievances :

As Fasting, Exercise, and Time,

And *Water* heals the Wounds of *Wine*.

But where the *Fever's* peracute,

It won't admit of long Dispute;

When *Life's* chief *Fortress* is attack'd,

Quickly consult, and quickly act :

For many a *Life* hath slip't away,

By careless trifling, and delay.

So when the Case is very urging,

Spare neither vomiting, nor purging;

Provided that your Judgment's tight;

And take the Indication right;

Ev'n then be not the only Agent,

Lest a dead Corps shou'd prove your Patient;

But

But call in *Doctors* of more Skill,
 Who may you cure, or help you kill,
 Then let it happen as it will,
 You can't be found *Felo de se*,
 If slain in learned Company.

When struck in Years, strong *Drink* forbear,
 Especially of *Wine* beware;
 Old Men of Moisture want Supplies,
 And *Wine* of all Sorts heats and dries,
 Twitches and Cramps their Tartars give,
 Hence they step short, and straddle stiff;
 For vinous Spirits prey upon
 Nutricious Juice, and vital *Balm*;
 This makes them tabid, lean, and thin,
 With loose and flabby, wrinkled Skin.

Water and *Whey*, of Drinks are first,
 They cool, dilute, and quench the Thirst;
 And next to those is good small *Beer*,
 Not sow'r, but smart, and brisk, and clear.
 Not that in general I condemn
 A Glas of gen'rous now and then;
 When you are faint, your Spirits low,
 Your String relax'd, 'twill bend your Bow,
 Brace your Drum Head, and make you tight,
 Wind up your Watch, and set you right:
 But then again the too much Use
 Of all strong Liquors is th' Abuse;
 'Tis *Liquid* makes the *Solids* loose,
 The *Texture* and whole *Frame* destroys,
 But Health lies in the *Equipoise*.

The greatest part o' th' World's content
 With *Adam's* Ale, pure Element;
 And who so strong, and does more Work,
 Than doth the *Water* drinking *Turk*?
 And when the Stomach's out of order,
 No Cordial, like a Glass of *Water*;
 This, this has baffled all the *Slops*
 Of Ladies Closets, and the Shops.

As *Water's* best, so 'twas the first
 Of *Liquors*, made to quench the *Thirst*
 Of Men, of Beasts, of Plants, and Trees;
 From whence they all have their Encrease:
 Its Uses are too manifold,
 And marv'lous great e'er to be told;

Its Particles constituent
 Are too minute an Element.
 Its Make and Texture, Crasis, Grain,
 Are too stupendiously fine
 For Virtuoso's to descry,
 Tho' Glassses come t'assist their Eye.
 Cease! then, vain Search! let that alone,
 Hid, with all Essences unknown;
 But be content that the *Creator*,
 Has blest the World with so much *Water*.
 It works itself (as being thin)
 Int' all the Pores and Parts within;
 Helps all *Secretions* in their Uses,
 And sweetens sharp and sour Juices;
 Tempers hot *Bile*, thins viscid Phlegm,
 And moderates in each Extreme;

Damps the fierce *Æstus* of the Blood,
 Abates the Fevers boiling Flood;
 Dilutes the *Salts*, melts off their Points,
 And acrid Particles disjoins;
 And is the only *Liquor* that
 Never grows eager, sharp or flat:
 Give it but Motion, Room, and Air,
 Its Purity will ne'er impair:
 Experience daily shews it true,
 That *Water* only this can do.
 All other *Liquors* made by *Art*,
 Grow rancid, vapid, sour, and tart.

Chuse *Water* that is cool, and thin,
 Such as feel smooth, and soft to th' *Skin*,
 Looks clear, and bright, and crystalline:

The lightest *Water* is the best,
 That is, without or *Smell*, or *Taste* :
 Which standing long, yields few Contents
 Of *Scum*, or *Clouds*, or *Sediments* ;
 Such as will lather cold with Soap,
 Tho' ne'er was fainted by the *Pope*,
 (As *Bridget*, *Anne*, and *Winifred*,)
 For 'tis the *Water* does the Feat,
 The Saint's the Varnish, and the Cheat ;
 And he that has a *Spring* like this,
 Has with good *Air* a double *Bliss*.

Never give way to Sloth and Ease,
 For Laz'ness is a great Disease ;
 And when it has Possession got,
 It makes the Man a stupid Sot :

When sleep does first desert you, rise ;
 Next, wash the Gum from off your *Eyes* :
 Cold *Water* pure will clear the Sight,
 Comfort the Eyes, and keep them bright.
 Indulge not Drowsiness, unless
 It does proceed from Weariness.
 'Thout some Fatigue, there's no sound Sleep,
 'Tis eating without Appetite ;
 For those that start in *Sleep*, or shake,
 Find small Refreshment when they wake :
 And when you *rise*, approach not near
 A *Fire*, except the Cold's severe ;
 And then, at distance take the Heat,
 Because it does *inhabit*ate ;
 And Sloth, and Sluggishness induce,
 And spoil your natural Rest by Use.

This Custom, Students must avoid,
 For Memory is by Heat annoy'd,
 And by hard Drinking, quite destroy'd.



For Reminiscence is strongest where
 The *Head's* serene, and cool and clear;
 This Truth is seen in Regions cold,
 There what they *read* they always hold.

But 'tis the Nature of a *Wit*,
 Soon to invent, soon to forget;

For from the *Brain* that's hot and dry,
 The flight Impressions quickly fly:

Whereas in *moist* and phlegmy Brains,
 The Stamp's struck *deep*, and long remains.

Tho' 'tis allow'd, there are some few
 That have good Wits, and Mem'ry too.

Rise early with the Summer's *Sun*,
 Especially when you are young;
 For he that early walks the Fields,
 Takes all the Sweets that *Flora* yields;
 Just as the *Sun* unlocks the Blooms
 Of all their fragrant, rich *Perfumes*;
 Besides with Morning *Air* he's treated,
 Not by the Sun-beams over-heated;
 Which cools the *Lungs*, and fans the Blood,
 And makes the Spirits brisk and good;
 After a bad Good-fellow-Hood
 Had left their springy Parts uncurl'd,
 Like a loose *Sail* that is unfurl'd;
 Those Air and Action buckle up,
 When ruffled by a Midnight's Cup.

After an idle drunken Bout,
 Walk and take Air, ne'er sleep it out;
 By which you will avoid the Harms
 Of *Head-ach*, and sick Stomach *Qualms*:
 For sleeping with a Load of *Wine*,
 Does all its Fumes within confine;
 Which are of dang'rous Consequence,
 For *Apoplexies* spring from hence.
 * *Palsies*, and *Tremors*, and the rest,
 Which mostly Drunkards do infest,
 From *Ferments* in the Body pent,
 Which early rowzing may prevent;
 For *Gouts*, and *Stone*, and such Diseases,
 Dwell most where Luxury and Ease is:

* Dr. *Lower de motu cordis.*

Such a Tormenter never rages
 'Mong *Whey*-Drinkers in poor Cottages,
 Who live in Health till mighty Ages;
 And to the *Grave* at a hundred Years
 Carry their Mem'ry, Eyes, and Ears.
 Who then in *Ale*, or worse brew'd *Wine*,
 Wou'd drown his Health, and so much Time?
 For whilst Men tipple, prate, and lie,
 Life on smooth Skeets slides swiftly by.

In walking let your *Cloaths* be thin,
 But not too tight or strait to th' Skin,
 That cool fresh *Air* may close the Pores:
 This oftentimes that Health restores,
 Which too much Warmth turn'd out of Doors:

For loss of Strength declares what hurt

Those get that wear a *Flannel* Shirt:

For thro' a constant Dilatation,

The Spirits spend by Perspiration.

In Bed lie *warm*, but not too hot,

Nor yet too *soft*, for that's a Fault;

Soft Feathers have Attraction such,

As draws the natural *Heat* too much,

The Flesh makes flabby, loose and weak,

The Count'nance dead, and pale, and bleak.

Of *Heats* and *Colds* take special Care,

Windows, and Doors, that let in *Air*;

A Crack, or Crevice, in the Wall,

Hurts more than doth an open Hall:

And safer 'tis to stand i'th' Street,
 Than where two Doors or Entries meet.

Walk to be warm, but not to sweat,
 Or by Degrees take down your Heat;
 Drink not until you're very *cool*,
 And gently move to get a Stool.
 Yet sometimes let your Feet be *wet*,
 But in your wet *Shoes* never sit;
 For while you're running in the Dirt,
 The Action keeps you from the Hurt :
 And often wash your *Skin* all o'er,
 It gives a Spring to every Pore;
 Returns the *Heat* upon the Blood,
 Which makes all bad Digestions good.

Lodge not fine *Youth* with aged Bones,
 Nor much converse with Pains, and Groans;
 For Bodies, that are old, and dry'd,
 From juicy Youth will be supply'd;
 These suck their *Spirits*, make 'em *pale*,
 So *vital* Vigour needs must fail;
 For th' Aged, thro' the Young one's Pores,
 His own decrepid *Limbs* restores:
 For what by Contact, what by Sweats,
 What the *Youth* loses, t'other gets:
 This makes 'em pallid, thin and weak,
 As if Hag-ridden in their Sleep.
 And on the other Hand, it's naught
 To lie with one that's over *fat*;
 Such sweat and over-heat the Child,
 By which a good cool Habit's spoil'd;

For in a mod'rate Temperature,
 The Welfare of the Child's secure.
 In short, observe, the tender Young
 Shou'd be well *nurs'd*, but laid alone.

But above all, take special Care
 How *Children* you affright and scare,
 In telling Stories of Things seen,
Sprite, Dæmon, and Hobgoblin ;
 Hence they'll contract such *Cowardice*,
 As ne'er will leave them all their Lives ;
 And then th' *Ideas* of their Fears
 Continued unto riper Years,
 Can by no Reason be suppress'd,
 But of it they'll be so possess'd,

They'll sweat, and quake, and start and stare,
And meet the Devil ev'ry where.

Terrors have changed some Men grey,
Took Limbs, and Speech, and Sense away;
Have topsy-turvy'd Brains in Skulls,
Turn'd some Men mad, and some Men Fools;
Have made a Soul skip like a Sprite,
And leave the Body bolt upright:
Stark staring ghastly, dead, and stiff,
Like *Lot's* sad monumental Wife.

Anger avoid, and also *Grief*,
They both are Enemies to *Life*,
And fatal often in Extremes,
To which side e'er the *Passion* leans.

In both let *Reason* mitigate,
 She will the Fury soon abate,
 If she's consulted not too late.
 For I have seen fierce *Anger* checkt,
 By seeming Deafness, and Neglect;
 Take off the *Fewel*, th' Fire will die,
 Silence alone will put it by,
 If not blown up, by a *Reply*:
 Let it blow o'er, if you can bear,
 In at one, out at t'other *Ear*;
Storms hurt not in a Thoroughfare.

Late *Watching* does much Injury
 To *Nature's* whole Oeconomy;
 Impedes, or wholly doth defeat
 The making of her Work complete;

For all *Secretions* are made best
 I'th' quiet State of Sleep and *Rest*;
 When all the Faculties of th' *Mind*
 Are to their (soporal) *Cells* confin'd;
 Then all the vital Functions are
 ('Cause not disturb'd by mental Care)
 Each to his Office to repair,
 And mend the *Breaches*, and *Decays*,
 Made by Disorder any ways
 In Life's vast *Labyrinth* and *Maze*;
 Which thro' unknown *Mæanders* run,
 And circulates to where't begun,
 And restless in its Course, keeps on.

For th' *Heart* clacks on, and is a Mill,
 That's independent of the Will,

And like an *Engine* squirts the Blood,
 Forcing up Hill the purple Flood;
 A constant *Fountain* that displays
 Its *Rivulets* ten thousand ways ;
 Mov'd by a secret *Power* unknown,
 And yet that Power is not its own:
 Restless from the first *Stroke* it gives,
 To the last *Moment* that it lives ;
 Its Office is to *mesh* and *beat*,
 And make the *Chyle* consimulate
 With balmy Blood and nitrous *Air*,
 (All have i'th' Work a proper Share)
 Which Inspiration does prepare.
 That *Air* again the *Lungs* explode,
 When robbed of its *nitrous* Load ;

This grinds Life's *Grist*, yet takes small Tole
 For carrying of it thro' the whole,
 And lodging at each *Office Door*,
 Sufficient for their daily Store.

And here I'd ask, what human Tongue
 Can praise enough that wond'rous one,
 That made this great *Automaton*!

Here let the *prostrate* World adore
 His infinite *Goodness, Wisdom, Power*.

Of Exercises, *Swimming's* best,
 Strengthens the Muscles of the Chest,
 And all their fleshy Parts confirms,
 Extends, and stretches *Legs and Arms*,
 And with a nimble retro-Spring,
 Contracts, and brings them back again.

As 'tis the best, so 'tis the Sum

Of *Exercises* all in one:

And of all Motions most complete,

Because 'tis vi'lent without *Heat*.

And next to *Swimming*, *Riding's* good,

It shakes the *Bowels*, stirs the Blood,

And gives a Motion to a Stool,

But bad to *ride* with *Belly* full;

For shaking does precipitate,

E'er you've digested half your *Meat*;

Besides your Guts, if fat, it squeiches,

And causes Fumes, and sour Belches:

'Tis also in hard *Livers* naught,

Or when oppress'd with Wind and Thought,

It stirs up *Flatus Hypochond*:

If so, desist from *riding* on.

For't makes it fly into the *Head*,

Where *Dizziness*, and *Fumes* are bred;

Then *Life's* in *Danger* if you totter,

Be your *Horse* *Pacer*, or a *Trotter*:

So let the *Rider* take a *Care*,

Lest from a stumbling *Horse* or *Mare*,

He don't take *Earth* in taking *Air*.

But the true *Benefit* in *riding*,

Is much and long i'th' *Air* abiding;

Fasting and always jogging on,

And drinking nothing that is strong;

But guzzling on a *Journey's* wrong:

And then perhaps, you'll gain your *Point*,

If your *Horse* keeps your *Neck* in *Joint*.

In dry consumptive *Coughs* beware,
 They always grow much worse in *Air*;
 For Places *high*, and *Air serene*,
 Are for *thin Bodies* found too keen:
 For all the *Air*, on *Hights*, and *Hills*,
 'Cause robb'd of watry *Particles*;
 Holds *Nitre naked*, and not sheath'd,
 And so are naught, for all short *breath'd*:
 As well as *Airs* too thick with *Smoaks*,
 One pricks and tickles, t'other choaks:
 But where it's *clear*, and not too high,
 With Mixture due of *moist* and dry,
 'Tis there the *Lungs* have *Liberty*,
 To play their *Fan* most pleasantly.

The *Air* is best on rising Hills,
 Also near grav'ly running Rills;
 For where the *Soil* is hard and dry,
 The *Air* is good, whether low or high,
 The watry *Steams* will take off Heats,
 And much abate nocturnal *Sweats*.
 In *Holland*, where 'tis all low Ground,
 Habitual *Coughs* are rarely found;
 But when *Catarrhs* and *Rheums* infest,
 Warm and dry *Airs* are surely best.
 * For if *Consumptions* cur'd can be,
 (Which is a mighty Rarity)

Three

* Ulterius phthisis perfecta rarissimè potest curari: vita interim ditissimè potest conservari, per hæc tria:

1. Per legitimum usum lactis.

2. Per usum vulnerariorum, &c.

3. Per

Three Things in chief you need prepare,

Milk; Traumaties, and Change of Air.

And if with these, Cold *Baths* you get,

To temper down the hectic Heat,

He may go bare-foot, as a *Goose*

Who lives in hope of dead *Mens* Shoes.

Tho' *riding* is extremely good,

Yet, *Health* lies more in Choice of *Food*;

3. Per mutationem Aëris.

Denique quoad legitimum usum lactis:

In omni atrophîâ, tabe & phthisi commodissimè observatur, quod lactis usus, seu legitimus potus, in quibusdam casibus multum pos-
sit: sed parum proderit, quoties atrophia est à colluvie cujus-
dam visceris, aut ubi atrophia est ex vitio stomachi, nisi hic
prius sit correctus. *Mich. Ettmullerus de Nutritione partium læsâ.*
pag. 282.

A gen'ral Rule we may go by,
 Is eating such things 'specially,
 As are least apt to putrefy.



New *Milk* and *Rice*, *Bread*, *Corn*, and *Roots*,
 Fresh *Sallets*, and fresh gather'd *Fruits*,
 Sweet *Butter*, *Oil*, and well made *Cheese*;
 For those who mostly feed on these,
 Live long and gently wear away,
 Perceiving not their own Decay,
 To th' utmost Point o' th' fatal Day.
 Then without *Pain*, like Lamps expire,
 With the last *Spark* of vital *Fire*.



For *Life's* a *Lamp*, its Oil well spent,
 Leaves when't goes out a fragrant *Scent*:

Thrice happy *he*, whose virtuous *Name*,
 Is *Incense*, and perfumed *Flame*,
 On th' Altar of immortal Fame.

So *Reader* if thou art so *wise*,
 To put in Practice this *Advice*;
 The World shall wonder to behold
 Thou look'st so young, and art so old.





*The Doctor's Decade;
Or the Ten Utensils of his Trade.*

*For in Ten Words the whole Art is compris'd;
For some of the Ten are always advis'd.*

V I Z.

*Piss, Spew, and Spit,
Perspiration and Sweat;
Purge, Bleed, and Blister,
Issues and Clyster.*

T H E S E few Evacuations,
Cure all the Doctor's *Patients*,
If rightly apply'd
By a wise Physick Guide:

For an Error in these,
 Is worse than Disease;
 So can't be too wary,
 Where Cases do vary;
 For a Dose of't too much,
 Turns *PUG* o'er the Perch.
 What more they advance,
 Is all done by chance;
 Even *Steel* and the *Bark*,
 Do tilt in the Dark:
 Tho' *Opium*, alas!
 May put by a Pass,
 And lull a *Disease*
 By a seeming false Peace;
 Yet these *Phylick Allies*
 Use such Fallacies,

And fail us so common,
 We can't depend on 'em;
 So as to a Cure,
 There's none can be sure.
 Most other *Specificks*
 Have no visible Effects,
 But the getting of *Fees*,
 For a Promise of Ease;
 (Much like the South S—)
 Tho' our *Glasses* of late
 Have furnish'd the *Pate*
 With *Philosophical* Prate;
 As to read learned Lectures
 On a T— and its Textures;
 And can see in the Sp—m
 Generations to come:

Like Tad-poles a swimming
 To the Land of the Living.
 Yet for all this *fine* Show,
 No more do we know,
 Than did old *Quid pro Quo* ;
 That famous Compounder,
 And first *Physick* Founder.
 For then all their Blunders
 Were esteem'd as *Wonders*,
 And admired as much
 As some do *H—h C—h* :
 For *Physick* then took,
 Much more by the Look,
 Than by the Success,
 Which is the best *Test*.

To look *big*, *grave*, and *dull*,

And talk half like a *Fool*,

Denotes a wise Skull.

To be *deaf*, and half *blind*,

Were Perfections of Mind;

For all such Defects,

Were to *Folly* as Checks:

For few were thought wise,

That saw with both *Eyes*.

Yet none of these *Blinkers*

Were accounted *Free-Thinkers*,

As is seen by the *Treacle*

Where *Health* lay in Pickle:

That ancient *Farrago*,

Exploded long ago.



Yet 'tis such a Med'cine,
 Once had the *Pope's* Blessing;
 And so is *Catholick*,
 Tho' not *Apostolick*;
 For't has not a Mission
 From *Luke the Physician*.
 But why do we them blame,
 When we play the same *Game*?
 And make up strange Mixtures,
 Of different *Textures*;
 Which fret and ferment,
 Till their *Fury* is spent;
 And in our *Guts* jar,
 And there raise a War,
 From a *Heterogen* Med'cine,
 The Strife is intestine.

But where the Ingredients
 Are mix'd from Experience,
 By their *Homogeniety*,
 They'll never disquiet ye;
 For ill Compounds are owing
 To our *Simples* not knowing;
 For their Virtues unless
 The Plants will confess,
 We must all acquiesce,
 And practise by Guess.
 Till the College reveals
 What their Prudence conceals;
 For the *Arcanas* of Art,
 To none they'll impart;
 Those sacred *Archives*,
 Which enrol all our Lives,

Are lodg'd on high *Shelves*,
 Out o'th' Reach of themselves:
 For when they fall *sick*
 What they gave upon Tick,
 The *Doctors* ne'er take,
 For fear of Mistake;
 But always mistrust,
 What they believed at first,
 Whilst the practising *Youth*
Swallows all for a Truth.
 For whatever they read,
 They believe as their *Creed*,
 But will find when they *try*,
 That *Authors* will lye;
 For in *Physick* there's *Legend*,
 As well as *Religion*;

But the *older* they grow
 The less they will know;
 For in being oft out,
 It creates in 'em *Doubt* :
 So themselves they'll ne'er kill,
 By *Potion* or *Pill*;
 No *Powders* nor *Bolus*,
 Nor *Issues* o' th' *Shoulders*,
 Nor encerr'd in *Blisters*;
 Those Shrouds of the * *Sisters*
 By the *Devil* contriv'd
 To flay Men alive,
 As if the Sick didn't feel,
 When they are skin'd like an *Eel*.

* The three Ladies of Destiny; Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos.

Then a *Plaister* apply'd
 To the Remains of the Hide,
 Which tears off the rest,
 Next time it is drest;
 By some little *Hell-Cub*,
 Or Spawn of old *Belz'bub*;
 Or *Mellilot* his Master,
 With a whole Sheet of *Plaister*,
 To shrowd him compleat,
 From the *Head* to the *Feet*;
 Sent by his *Physician*,
 To manage th' Inquisition;
 For one half that dies
 Are spur-gall'd by his Flies,
 And flay'd out of their Lives.

But the *Devil* a *Doctor*,
 Will flay his own Back sore;
 What his Patients endure,
 He'll avoid to be sure:
 Their *Groans* and their Aking,
 Does fright him from taking;
 Nor shall any *Slops*
 But *Wine*, wet his Chops:
 So all *Med'cines* defies,
 As he does *Spanish Flies*,
 From experienc'd Opinion,
 There's little Help in 'em.
 But as *Death* does draw near,
 Their Art is their Fear;
 Trusting more to *Small-Beer*,

A *Horse* and fresh *Air*,
 Than to *Physick* and *Prayer*.
 From whence I suggest,
 They're too *wise* for the *rest*.

F I N I S.



John Barlow
his Book 1761